The Noble Progresse:

Or, A true Relation of the Lord Generall Monks

Politicall Proceedings with the Rump, the calling in the Secluded Members, their transcendent Vote for his Sacred Majesty, with his Reception at Dover, and Royall conduct through the City of London, to his famous Palace at Whitehall.

The tune is, when first the Scottish warrs began.

GOod people heaken to my call,
Ile tell you all what did befall,
and happned of late,
Our Noble Valiant Generall Monk,
Came to the Rump who lately stunk,
with their Councell of State
Admiring what this man would doe,
His secret mind there's none could know,
They bib'd into him as much as they could,
George would not be won with their silver nor gold:
The Sectarian Saints at this lookt blew,
With all the rest of the factious crew,
They vapour'd awhile and were in good hope;
But now they have nothing left but the Rope.

Another invention then they sought,
Which long they wrought for to be brought
to clasp him with they,
Quoth Vane and Scot Ile tell you what,
We'l have a Plot and he shall not
scape away.
Lets Vote him a thousand pound a peare,
And Hampton Court for him and his Heire,
Indeed quoth George ye're Free-Parliament men
To cut a Thong out of anothers mans skin.
the Sectarian, &c.

They sent him then with all his Hosts
To break our Parks and raise our Ghosts,
which was their intent
To cut our Gates and Chains all down,
Unto the ground this trick they found;
to make him be shent:

The Plot the Rump did so contrive
To cast an odium on my Lord,
But in the end he was by it put untoo't.
'Twas enough to infect both his horse and his foot,
the Sectarian, &c.

But when my Lord perceiv'd that night,
What was their spight he brought to light,
their knaveries all,
The Parliament of Forty eight,
Which long did wait, came to him streight,
to give them a call
And some Phanaticall people knew,
That George would give them their fatall due,
Indeed he did requite them agen.
For he pul'd the Ponter out of his Den,
the Sectarian, &c.

To the Houls our worthy Parliament,
With good intent they boldly went
to Vote home the King.
And many hundred People more,
Stood at the doore and waited for
good tydings to bring. (blood,
But some in the Houls had their hands much in
And in great opposition like Traytors they stood,
But yet I believe it is very well known
That those that were for him were twenty to one.
But the Sectarian Saints at this lookt blew,
With all the rest of the factious crew,
they vapour'd awhile and were in good hope,
But now they have nothing left but the Rope.

They cal'd the League and Covenant in,
No read against to every man,
but what comes next
All Sequestrations null and void,
The people said none should be paid,
for this was the Text.
For as I heard all the people say
They voted King Charles the first of May,
Bonfires burning Bells did ring.
And our Streets did eccho with God blesse y King.
At this the Sectarian Saints lookt blew,
And all the rest of the factious crew,
they vapour'd awhile and were in good hope,
But now they have nothing left but the Rope.

Our Generall then to Dover goes
In spight of Foes or deadly blowes
saying Ure le roy.
And all the Glories of the Land,
At this command there they did stand,
in Triumph and Joy.
Good Lord what a sumptuous sight was to see
Our good Lord Generall fall on his knee,
To welcome home his Majesty.
And own his Sacred Soveraignty,
But the Sectarian, &c.

Then all the worthy Noble Traine,
Came back again with Charlemain,
our Soveraign great,
The Lord Mayor in his Scarlet Gown,
In's Chain so long went through the Town,
in Pompe and State.

The Livery-men each one the way,
Upon this great Triumphant day,
Their richly Maces carried before,
And my Lord himselfe the Sword he bore.
Then Ure le roy the Gentry did sing,
For Generall Monk rode next to the King,
With Acclamations, Shoots and Cryes,
I thought they would have rent the skyes,
The Conduits ravished with Joy,
As I may say did run all day
great plenty of Wine,
And every Gentleman of note,
In's Velvet Coat that could be got,
in glory did shine.
Where were all the Peeres and Barrons bold,
Richly clad in Silks and Gold,
Marched through the Street to the Hall,
No greater Pomp a King could have,
At this the Sectarian, &c.

And thus conducted all along,
Throughout the throng till he did come
unto Whitehall.
Attended by these Noble men.
Bold Heroes him that brought him in,
with the Generall.
Who was the man that brought him home;
And plac'd him on his Royall Throne.
'Twas Generall Monk and no nothing,
So God preserve our gracious King.
And now the Sectarian, &c.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.